

OCTOBER 28, 1934

GUEST, DR. JAMES L. CLARK

AMERICAN BOSCH RADIO EXPLORER'S CLUB

WJZ

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5:30 - 5:45 P.M.

OCTOBER 28th 1934

SUNDAY

(SIGNATURE ... "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE" ACCORDION)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Presenting - the weekly meeting of the American-Bosch
Radio Explorer's Club!

(SIGNATURE OUT)

ANNOUNCER

Come sail the seven seas with us!

(SING AND WAVE EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the
World Radio!

(GUST OF WIND)

CAPTAIN BARKER:

Ahoy there boys and girls. This is Captain James P. Barker speaking. Rouse out mother and dad for today's muster of the American Bosch Radio Explorers Club. This is an extraordinary meeting today for we have with us in person, here in the studio, some 1500 delegates of the Junior Science Clubs of the American Institute, of New York. A special welcome to them and their fellow club members listening in.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN BARKER (CONTINUES)

Well as a matter of protection, I am glad there's such a big crowd of us, for today we are going to hunt rhinoceros in far away Africa with Dr. James L Clark, the famous explorer, and one of the few men who have received the degree of Honorary Scout Master.

Personally, I've never had to face a charging rhino. An experience like that would be just as new to me as my first voyage in a windjammer, from Liverpool to Chile, back in 1889. Never will I forget my first day afloat, when the ship - - Ravenswood was her name - was rolling down the Irish Sea before a fierce following gale. Seasick? --- You bet I was. I expected sympathy, until I ran afoul of the mate, a terrible looking fellow with a bristling black beard.

"He-l-l-o, pretty boy," he said - with a leer. "Why lad, your gills are the color of Cape Horn pea soup!"

"Yes, sir," I stammered. "I'm dreadfully sick. I wish I'd never come to sea. Can't you run the ship round and take me back home?"

"Oho! -- So that's it, eh?" he thundered. "Well, Jimmy, that'll never do!" And seizing me with his ham-like fist he dragged me off to the galley.

"Look alive, doctor," he shouted to the cook. "Poor little Jimmy's seasick. Fix him a dough-pill and a spoonful of slush!"

"Now, ain't that a shame!" said the cook. And roaring with laughter, he dipped a piece of dough in his grease barrel.

CAPTAIN BARKER CONTINUES

A moment later, the mate held me in a grip of iron and rammed that dough-pill, as he called it, right down my throat. I may tell you, boys and girls, I haven't been seasick from that day to this. In a square-rigged ship, seasickness was always looked upon as soldiering - or loafing, as you landlubbers would call it. At sea it's teamwork that counts - and ashore too, I'll warrant.

Well, now, I know you're all eager to be off on our voyage to Africa to hunt rhinoceros with a man who has met a great many of them in the jungles. So here's our good friend and fellow club member, Hans Christian Adamson, of the American Museum of Natural History, who will interview the famous explorer Dr. James L. Clark....Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON Thanks, Captain Barker, and now Dr. Clark, tell us something about Rhinos. You probably know more about those animals than any other explorer alive.

DR CLARK Well....I wouldn't say that Hans. But I've had plenty of chance to study them. You see. A Radclyffe Dugmore and I went to Africa some years ago to photograph rhinos and other big game animals. We weren't after trophies or specimens. Dugmore handled the camera while I stood by with a heavy express rifle....to protect him....You see, some animals - including lions - can be photographed without serious danger. But other....particularly rhinos...would gladly kill you on the spot.

ADAMSON Then Dugmore took pictures while you stood by ready to shoot.

DR CLARK Ready to shoot....is right. Don't forget that we wanted to get pictures...and good pictures, too. That meant that the closer a charging rhino got to the camera...and us...the better the picture.

ADAMSON And the closer you were to swift destruction, too.

DR CLARK That's right...I'd watch the on-rushing beast over my gun-sights with my finger on the trigger, and my ears cocked for that soft metallic click that would tell me Dugmore had taken the picture.

ADAMSON Some suspense! How close would the rhinos get to you?

DR CLARK Oh, about fifteen yards.

ADAMSON It must have been a terrible strain to stand and watch 2500 pounds of doom rush toward you.

DR CLARK Well.....but think of Dugmore. He had no gun. And besides, his head was buried in the hood of his huge reflex camera. Believe me, it takes iron nerve to watch an infuriated rhino charging on the ground glass of your camera, and get a sharp focus on him.

ADAMSON Yes, I should say so. But tell me, do all rhinos act alike?

DR CLARK No. Rhinos are no more alike than human beings...but they do have certain general characteristics.

ADAMSON Suppose you give us a few specific points, Dr. Clark. To start with - has the rhino any gray matter?

DR CLARK

If he has, he doesn't seem to use it. His brain is small, and he never seems to learn even from experience. When he's surprised or curious, or even disturbed, he promptly proceeds to investigate, and being a firm believer in the maxim "Kill first, and question afterward" - he usually tries to destroy anything that arouses him.

ADAMSON

You mean that he'd just as soon kill everything he sees?

DR CLARK

Not so much what he sees, as what he hears or smells. Rhinos have notoriously poor eyesight. And that's where we got the break, for now and then we would just sidestep rhinos that came thundering toward us guided by their sense of smell, rather than by sight.

ADAMSON

Darn good thing they don't use glasses...tell me, Doctor, what about those funny birds that live on the rhinos?

DR CLAKRQ

Oh, you mean the Tick-Birds. Why, they perch on his back and pick off the ticks that thrive in the tender folds of his heavy hide. In return, these birds act as sentries for the rhino. When danger approaches, they soar into the air and warn him with scolding screams.

ADAMSON

What does the rhino do when the birds sound the alarm?

DR CLARK Well, that all depends upon the circumstances. Let's take for instance the case of a sleeping rhino in tall grass. The tick-birds give the alarm. The rhino is on his feet in a jiffy. His ears turn slowly as he tries to pick up tell-tale sounds. Now we break a twig and both ears focus in our direction. His ugly snout is a mass of wrinkles as he tries for our scent. He snorts. And it sounds like a chugging engine.

ADAMSON At which point I for one would slip into high gear and vanish like lightning.

DR CLARK And that's where you'd make a fatal mistake, Hans. He'd be at you before you could say Cock Robin -- charging with unbelievable speed - crashing through woods and bushes as if they were made of paper. And he comes much faster than a man can run.

ADAMSON Did you kill many rhinos.

DR CLARK No, luckily we had to kill only two. We weren't out to kill them, and I always tried to hit them where it would do little harm. Just to stop the charge and turn them away. In fact, more than once I used buck shot at close range.

ADAMSON Buck shot! You mean to tell me that you faced charging rhinos with nothing but buck shot?

DR CLARK Yes and no. You see, I had a double-barreled shot gun. One barrel was loaded with buck-shot, the other with a solid ball. If the rhino turned with the charge of buck-shot all well and good, but if it tried to kill us, I used the ball cartridge.

ADAMSON And I presume that would do the work.

DR CLARK Usually, though one time neither buck-shot nor ball cartridge nor six bullets from my 45, nor the spear of our guide, could stop an old fool of a rhino that was determined to kill me.

ADAMSON Say, that sounds like a peach of a yarn. How about spinning us the whole piece?

DR CLARK Gladly. One day our safari was trekking through thick grass country - led by Simba, our native guide. Suddenly Simba stopped and pointed ahead. Dugmore and I stole forward, and not 20 yards away right in our path was a huge rhino sound asleep in the grass. Dugmore unslung his camera while I got my gun into position.

ADAMSON And the rhino kept posing as a sleeping beauty?

DR CLARK Not by a long shot! No sooner did the tick-birds give warning than he rose to his feet and rushed toward us snorting like a switch-engine. His funny little tail stood straight up - like a battle flag. His head was down, and the bayonet of horn on the tip of his nose was ready to impale us, and toss us into the Hereafter, with one terrific lunge.

ADAMSON But why didn't you shoot?

DR CLARK Shoot! I couldn't shoot. Don't you see..it was pre-arranged that I should hold my fire until Dugmore "shot" his picture first. I'll never forget that brute as I saw him over my gun-sights. He looked as big as a Zeppelin, and his snorts were terrifying. I don't mind saying that I was getting mighty anxious. Suddenly I heard the welcome click of the shutter. I fired the buck shots. But I might as well have slapped the Rhinos face with my bare hand for all the good they did. He was now about ten yards away and still coming. Then I fired the ball cartridge and heard the dull thud as it smacked into his shoulder. But he kept right on.

ADAMSON That was a ticklish situation.

DR CLARK You're telling me.. Of course, I had no time to re-load my gun. But I made a standing jump to the side and jerked my revolver from its holster. I aimed at his mean little red eyes, but held my fire. Now he was but 15 feet away....then 10 feet... 6 feet and I pulled the trigger!

ADAMSON Did that stop him?

DR. CLARK: Like fun it did. His momentum carried him right by, but he wheeled and came at me again. Once more I sent a 45 toward a vulnerable spot, for I knew it was a fight for life. I hit him, but didn't stop him. By swerving aside, much like a bull-fighter at a Spanish Fiesta I saved my life - by inches.. But let's make a long story short. That rhino charged at me seven times, and each time I smacked a bullet into his old hide, but all it did was to make the old fool shake his head and come back for more. On the seventh charge, the hammer of my revolver clicked on an empty chamber. My last shot was gone.

ADMASON: And what then?

DR. CLARK: Well, something wholly unexpected happened. As the rhino rushed toward me, I made up my mind that, for me, the end had come. Just then Simba stepped directly in front of that bull-headed brute..his spear poised - ready to throw. For a minute, I forgot my own troubles, as I threw a quick glance at Simba and then at Dugmore..and, Hans, what do you think Dugmore was doing?

ADAMSON: I'm sure I don't know, but if I had been in his shoes, I would have been in the next County.

DR. CLARK: Not Dugmore...why he..to my utter amazement, he was changing plates for another picture! These things came to my eyes with lightning speed, and now the rhino was close upon Simba who leapt aside, and drove his spear into the rhino's shoulder.

ADAMSON: And did that finish the rhino?

DR. CLARK: No, but it made him decide he'd had enough. He swung to the right, and went crashing through the bush followed by Simba, who waved his long knife and screamed red hot curses at the top of his voice--but the rhino was too swift for him. It vanished in the thicket.

ADAMSON: And good riddance I'd say!..What a battle!...Thanks, Jim. That was a grand story. What do you say Captain Barker?

BARKER: I agree with you 100 per cent, Hans!..A thrilling yarn! Where do we go next Sunday?

ADAMSON: Back to Africa, Captain - This time with Mrs. F. Trubee Davison for elephants and leopards....

BARKER: Well, well, it will be mighty nice to welcome Mrs. Davison to our American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club....You know, boys and girls, I want to-day to welcome publicly into our Club the 14 members of Room 214 Hamilton School, Schenectady, New York, who have sent in a group application for membership. Greetings to you all, and much success in your broadcasting unit.

Membership in the American Bosch Radio Explorers Club is open to everyone in our radio audience, boys, and girls, men and women alike. Upon receipt of your application for membership I will send you the splendid little club button, the handsome membership certificate with your own name on it, and bearing a reproduction of my old ship the British Isles; and the Radio Explorers authorized map showing the important short wave stations all over the world.

CONT: Those applying today will also receive an autographed picture of Dr. Clark with one of the rhinos he killed in the jungles of Africa. Ben Grauer is waiting to tell you how easy it is for you to join the club so I'll say clear sailing to you until next Sunday.

ANNOUNCER: To join the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club, merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening - to American-Bosch American B-O-S-C-H, Springfield, Massachusetts. (PAUSE) A little English girl, loving her new home in America, but homesick for the land of her birth, is able to revisit her homeland once again with American-Bosch Round-the-World Radio. She is Lorraine Leaney, Fisher's Island, New York, and she writes:

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ANNOUNCER: The American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club meets here every Sunday afternoon with Captain James P. Barker in command. Famous explorers are guests of the club each Sunday under special arrangements with the American Museum of Natural History. Next week; - Elephant hunting in Africa, with Mrs. F Trubee Davison, who will be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson.

(SIGNATURE FADES)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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